

Details

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Summary: Missing scene from 5x04 "Controlling Interest" because I think Neal might be a little confused to wake up on Peter's couch with no memory of how he got there or worse, what he said.

Details

Elizabeth glanced into the living room for the umpteenth time in twenty minutes. Neal hadn't budged from where he was curled up on the couch. The blanket moved as he breathed, but other than that, he just looked dead. Out like a light.

"Should we wake him up?" she questioned, and Peter glanced up from his phone, probably texting Jones or Diana.

"Why? The poor guy's been drugged twice. Maybe he needs some rest."

"It's been an hour," Elizabeth said pointedly. "We should at least make sure he's okay. Mozzie was the one who drugged him the second time, if you'll remember."

Peter needed no further encouragement. "Yeah, you're right. We should check on him." The two of them walked over to the couch and Peter glanced at his wife, earning him a pointed look.

"Neal," he started, which didn't work, as expected. He reached out to tap his friend on the shoulder, repeating himself a little louder. "Neal."

Neal grunted, but didn't budge, not even a flicker of his eyes. Elizabeth patted him on the back. "Come on, sweetie, time to wake up."

Neal shifted, making a face, but opened his eyes, blinking at them in

total confusion. "Wha...?" He glanced around at his environment, then took note of the blanket draped over him and the fact that it was the Burkes' couch he was currently occupying. His confusion deepened. "Peter? What happened? How'd I get here?" In an instant, he was wide awake, and he froze. "What'd I say to you?"

"Worried about something specific?" Peter asked, raising an eyebrow.

Neal shook his head. "No."

Elizabeth gave him a smile. "Relax. crimes committed by a minor aren't really important to the bureau."

Neal visible relaxed. "Oh."

"Although, there was something about a Garrido self-portrait and a Central American Antiquities Center," Peter added.

Neal looked like he very much wanted to forget that, and he ignored the statement completely. "How'd I get here?"

"Cab, I assume," Peter replied. "Mozzie came by looking for you, but I sent him home. You were out in a couple minutes anyway."

Neal nodded. "And did I... mention anything useful?" he asked hopefully.

Peter grinned. "Very."

Elizabeth gave him a sympathetic smile. "Do you want some water? Are you hungry?"

"I'm fine," Neal assured her. "I just want to be there when we get Summers."

"I think I can arrange that," Peter said. "But we still need to pay a visit to Griffith tomorrow."

"I'll come."

"No," Peter said, "Jones and I have got it handled. You just..."

"Yeah," Neal mumbled. "Twiddle my thumbs."

"Maybe next time you'll think twice before purposely drugging yourself for a damn case," Peter said sternly.

"It worked," Neal said pointedly, but shut his mouth immediately afterwards.

He'd learned a lot from his little venture, and some of it he didn't want to admit to, stuff he'd never, under any circumstances, tell Peter.

Yes, he'd finally realized, he liked doing good, liked what he did for Peter and the FBI. But there was also the fact that he enjoyed doing bad as well. He still loved the rush of the con, and if he knew one thing more clearly than ever, it was that that was one of the

main reasons he'd taken this deal with the bureau. It allowed him to have that rush without consequence. They wanted him to do what he did best.

And that was what could only become his downfall. Eventually, he'd mess up. He'd do something stupid and shatter that fragile trust he had with Peter and he'd be right back where he started, either on the run or behind bars.

"Neal?"

He glanced up, putting on his most innocent face. "Hm?"

Elizabeth was giving him a concerned look. "Are you okay?"

Neal smiled, just as he always did and always would. "I'm fine," he said.

He wasn't sure that was true. Once again, he was faced with a question he couldn't find the answer to:

Who am I really?

End
file.